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of less degenerate days. Call up your own heroic acts, and let them stand, as it were, embodied before you, nor dare to come out to the world, until you can shew this sentence beaming on your breast:—The people may, the people must be free, if the leaders of the people be ready with head, and heart, and hand, to write, to speak, to act, and to suffer in their cause! X.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

ORATION DELIVERED BEFORE THE
TAMMANY SOCIETY.

(Continued from Page 356.)

SUCH, my friends, are the prominent features of our constitution, such the exalted advantages which render it worthy the confidence, the support, the enthusiastic affection of freemen. It blends dignity with equality, administers justice with temperance, but decision; balances power between the confederate parts of our government; and, in a word, establishes that species of commonwealth which Aristotle has defined as constituting the very partnership of freedom.

While it forms the subject of your pride and glory, be yours the watchful study to preserve its purity unstained, its stability unshaken. It is a barrier over which ambition cannot leap, and must therefore be laid prostrate before usurpation can commence. Insidious attempts will be made to undermine your affection for this palladium of your liberties. You will be told of its weakness, of its want of energy, that it may answer in time of tranquillity, but will never bear the rude assaillment of war. Look to silence such insinuations; they are the very soundings of treason; the wily, artful mode, in which she feels her way, before she ventures on the deadly attack.

The energy of a people consists in their warm attachment to their country. Union condenses the popular strength, and enables it, however small, to make an effectual resistance; while disunion saps the fabric of the mighty, and renders it a more certain and extensive ruin.

The small, but firm Amphycyonic confederacy, overthrew the myriads of Persia, and left but a remnant to relate the history of their disasters; while in modern days the gigantic league of European thrones against Gallic domination, through internal jealousy and rivalry were torn and scattered into fragments by the invader.

Do not mistake me; I by no means decry the energy of a vigorous administration; but only assert that the arm of government, unaided by popular attachment, can make but a feeble struggle against a powerful opponent. Its strength consists not in the command it has over the fears but in the willing subjection in which it holds the heart of the citizen. Where existed a more sovereign potentate than the recent emperor of Germany; Absolute in his dominions, he swayed a territory which extended from the North Sea to the confines of the Adriatic: yet one hundred and twenty thousand Frenchmen marched into the very heart of his empire, and from Vienna dictated a peace to twenty-six millions of people.

The deference of the governed to the presiding authority, will always be proportioned to their virtue and intelligence. Perfection in the members, is necessary to perfection in the head. The citizen must be well acquainted with his rights justly to appreciate them; he must know the relative situation in which he is placed fully to feel the importance and obligation of his duties; light must be poured into the dark-

ened intellect before it can become a fit temple for the residence of freedom. Whatever, therefore, tends to corrupt the morals of a virtuous government ; and whatever impedes the progress of correct information, as certainly promotes the cause of despotism.

As yet we have no reason to arraign the habits or intelligence of our nation. We are in the vigour of political youth. The legislatures of the different states have patronized science, liberally provided seminaries for our youth, and are diffusing information through all branches of society. The industry of our citizens has become proverbial, no impediments can stay, no dangers retard their enterprise. The hardy woodman, turning his back on a life of inglorious ease, penetrates the wildest solitude, opens its shade to the invigorating sunbeam, and softens its rugged features to the lineaments of beauty. Our commercial keeps pace with our agricultural labours ; What ocean is unexplored by our seamen—what coast have they not converted into a market ? With the eloquent Burke, we may exclaim, “ While we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson’s Bay and Davis’s Streights, whilst we are looking for them beneath the arctic circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite regions of polar cold, that they are at the antipodes ; and engaged under the frozen serpent of the South. Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage—a resting place in the progress of their victorious industry ; nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them than the accumulated winter of the Poles. We know that while some of them draw

the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude, and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil : no sea but what is vexed by their fisheries, no climate but what is witness to their toils.”

The only evil we have to apprehend, is that this immense influx of wealth from foreign sources, may gradually detach the cultivators of the soil, from the pursuits of husbandry, and plunge them into foreign speculations. We are an agricultural people, and if anxious to perpetuate our liberties, the cultivation of the soil must be our primary ambition. The mountain Swiss, while devoted to their pastoral labours enjoyed the purest freedom

As yet our population, widely scattered, and devoted to agricultural employments must center all their pleasures in rural and domestic enjoyments. But when avidity for gain shall have drawn them from their peaceful habitations ; when the cottage, the plough and the farm shall be exchanged for the luxurious city and the crowded mart. Then will the work of depravity secretly commence ; sedentary and soul-wearying avocations will succeed those healthful exercises which give elasticity to the mind and vigor to the frame. Tumultuous amusements, with no other charm than their novelty, will supplant the tranquilized pleasures of home, and impair that domestic felicity, the aggregate of which forms the sum and substance of national prosperity. Nor will the evil end here. An inordinate thirst for gain will allay the fervor of patronism ; foreign speculations will produce foreign attachments, and the heart from motives of interest, be induced to indulge sentiments of hostility, at a time when its affections should be most firm and loyal.

These are not vain surmises, nor the dreams of a visionary enthusiast. We have, by a variety of fortuitous circumstances, been recently placed as to monopolize the commerce of the world. The wealth of Europe for twenty years past has been flowing in upon us in a perennial stream. Our mercantile enterprise has been strained to its utmost bearing, our foreign engagements multiplied, and our immense trading capital been employed in keeping up an indirect, and to us a profitable intercourse between the belligerent nations.

Have we not too much reason to apprehend, that this lucrative employ has in some measure abated those feelings of citizenship, which should play round the heart and animate its warmest pulsations! When called upon by duty to relinquish this source of wealth, was it yielded without a sigh? was it offered up a voluntary sacrifice on the altar of patriotism?—Why then have the constituted authorities been defied? Why that system of fraud and smuggling—new and disgraceful in our annals? Why did a portion of our fellow citizens combine to defeat the salutary purposes of law, and a state legislation fan the unholy flame of opposition?

Do not consider me as wishing to exterminate this foreign enterprise, for a portion of it is necessary to our national prosperity. I would only advocate such wholesome restraint, as will prevent it from wholly engrossing the public attachment, and thus jeopardising interests of a more weighty and important nature.

At the present crisis, when war is demoralizing and destroying the nations, we should as much as possible neutralize our feelings, and at all events preserve them strictly national. Why should we embark in

transatlantic broils? There is nothing of feeling to impel us, there is surely nothing of interest to induce us. The contest there, is in no respect a contest of principle. It is the struggle of tyranny against tyranny; and if we become enlisted, whatever destiny may await those of the eastern hemisphere, to us one thing is certain, that while nothing can be acquired, we place every thing at hazard.

The wars which for twenty years past have agitated the globe, are now merged into one great and decisive conflict between France and Britain. The one wields the sceptre of the land, the other sways the trident of the ocean. So bent are they on destroying each other, and in making every other consideration bend to their individual views, that the rights of allies, friends and neutrals are blended together, and as matters of no importance are equally sacrificed, the law of nations has become a dead letter; and honour and good faith are blotted from the page of political morality.

France with one hand proffered friendship to Holland, and with the other crippled her trade, conscribed her youth, and left her but the skeleton of a once powerful republic.

Switzerland she pronounced her faithful ally—yet in the hour of unsuspecting confidence, overturned her free institutions, converted her territory into an imperial province, and annihilated that independence which ennobled her character.

Prussia she cajoled into nonresistance, while her victorious armies overran the Germanic empire, and then returned to blast the honours of Frederick's descendant on the plains of Jena.

The imperial arm that controuls her destinies is guided by no lilliputian policy. Abject obedience is

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a law of his empire, not to be evaded or defied. Regardless of minor considerations, and fearless of consequences, he fixes his eye determinedly on one object, and steadily pursues his purpose. He heeds not the outposts of his enemy, but marks where his force is condensed, and pierces the centre of his strength—the heart from which his life streams are diffused. At present, exalted high above the other dignities of Europe, he stands a planet, round which the neighbouring kings, like satellites revolve, by him are balanced, and from him receive their lustre. The continent, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, pronounces him its lord. The last struggles of opposition he silenced on the Danube—the house of Hapsbourg his chariot wheels have overthrown—the house of Braganza has fled his approach—the Spanish house of Bourbon he has carried into captivity, and Spain lies wholly at his mercy! I repeat, wholly at his mercy—for the present contention there is but a war of skirmishing, speedily to be terminated by an armed host, which shall pour like a torrent through the Pyrenees, and bear massacre and victory to every part of the Peninsula.

Has not Britain also with ceaseless anxiety endeavoured to promote her own views at the expense of her engagements—Has she not evidenced the same illiberal policy, yet prosecuted on a more ignoble scale? when the Archduke struggled for Germany; when Prussia was at her last gasp before Berlin; when Alexander vainly essayed to stem the mighty torrent at Friedland—where had England concentrated her force—where was she vigorously aiding the confederate cause—where was her lion springing upon the foe?—She was engaged far off in prosecuting a trading expedition into Calabria—or for her

private use was capturing sugar islands in the West Indies—or unfurling her banners in South America, with the vain hope of securing by conquest a mart for her commodities. When the gallant Swede was dying in the last ditch at Stralsund, she had spread her canvass and fled the bloody engagement. When Spain strove for existence between Madrid and the Pyrenees, her army either laid quiet in Portugal, or pursued a skulking march, hugging the Atlantic sea board, and avoiding the very sight of an enemy. Even her last expedition, at an almost incredible sacrifice, has achieved but a temporary burial place for her soldiers, and only augmented that ignoble fame, which had been already blazoned by the flames of Denmark, and re-echoed by the groans of its defenceless inhabitants!

No my friends! Honesty and good faith among nations, according to the practice of modern days, is a political farce—an ignis fatuus—bright only in the distance—a bubble, assuming shape and texture, but empty and evanescent in the grasp.

You have none but enemies abroad—form therefore no calculations—repose no confidence—trust to no assurances—rely only on yourselves, and adhere firmly to your union. It is your best fortress, your sure rock of defence; when the rains beat and the floods descend, this alone shall brave the elemental war, and withstand the collected fury of the tempest.

Heed not the groundless assertion so often reiterated, that the undivided prosperity of these states is not a common object; that the eastern and southern sections have discordant interests, and that a line of demarkation must eventually be drawn between them. Our commercial and agricultural concerns are intimately blended, and the

prosperity of each depends upon the strength and stability of the government. Destroy the constitution and you not only stop the prosperous current of trade, but you annihilate the very fountain which enables it to flow. Should such a fatal event ever happen, we bid a long farewell to our greatness—our sun would rapidly descend from his meridian splendor, and clouds and darkness envelope his departing beams. Beyond this period we have nothing to look for but secret distrust, bitter jealousy, open rivalry, and civil war. Our interests severed—from a state of cordial amity we should rapidly pass to the opposite extreme. Contiguity of situation would invite revenge for real or fancied wrongs. Those feelings of citizenship and fond attachment, which now mantle in our bosoms, would be lost in the maze of military contention. The land of our fathers, emancipated by their bravery, and enriched by their toils, would be steeped with the fratricidal blood of their children: morality would fly the unhallowed abode of licentiousness—depravity welcome the scene of congenial horrors, and despotism establish her throne on the ruins of the constitution. The evils attendant on a dissolution of our government, the heart may feel, but the tongue never can adequately describe. Indiscriminate massacre—the despoiling of innocence—the sacking of towns, the conflagration of cities, are evils which may be possibly imagined, but never can be delineated. Strip us of union, and like Sampson we stand shorn of our strength—the Philistines shall come upon us, and our last struggles, like his, shall be the frenzied struggles of despair.

The power of the Grecian states when consolidated, became a thunderbolt in war. Marathon, Salamis

and Platæa witnessed the triumph of civic union. When the same states forgot their dependence, and dissolved their confederacy, the wily Philip, by artful management, engaged them in repeated animosities, and Demosthenian eloquence could not defeat his artifices.

Short is the period since the land in which we reside was the seat of oppression—blasted by the very power which should have overspread it with the mantle of protection, and desolated by the sword which should have gleamed only in its defence. The people rose fired with indignation—but they rose as one man—moved by one cause—united by one sentiment, and fixed by one determination. They nobly dared and nobly triumphed, for adversity instead of dividing only cemented their union. Let it not be said that a ten years struggle has purchased for us a transient prosperity—that our revolutionary heroes have perished, and that the fruits of their labours, their exalted hopes have perished and are buried with them. The eyes of the nations are upon us anxiously watching our movements and nicely balancing our councils.

The advocates of regal and aristocratic institutions decry the materials of our commonwealth, pronounce it a system of visionary experiment, and confidently predict its downfall.

The friends of human liberty behold us with fond solicitude not unmixed with fearful apprehension. They trust to our intelligence but they fear our increasing luxury and wealth.

The persecuted of every clime, cast a wishful eye to this land of promise, and hail it as the only terrestrial haven of rest to life's weary and oppressed sojourner. Liberty, exiled every other lodgment, has

made this her last abiding place, and can only be driven away by the perfidy of those over whom she now extends her fostering pinions.

O give not cause of exultation to your enemies, that your situation is precarious; let not your friends have reason to tremble for your safety. Remember the claims of posterity rest upon you; that, as your fathers have laboured for you, so you are to live and labour for your children. That you are but trustees of the rights you possess, while the inheritance is theirs. Remember, that "the unity of government which constitutes you one people, is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence—the support of your tranquillity at home, of your peace abroad, of your safety, of your prosperity, of that very liberty which you now so highly prize."

Remember——but what can I add! The brief, but full summary I have last uttered, is not the estimate of that youth and inexperience which now addresses you—it is the well digested wisdom of one who never slept over your interests—whose life wore away in your service—who watched your infancy with paternal solicitude, and carefully matured your strength,—It forms a part of that affectionate farewell he bade you, when, if ambition ever swayed a mind like his, its course was completely run—when he was relinquishing the pride and dignity of office, for the peaceful and private seclusions of domestic life. It is the disinterested counsel of a man who staked his fortune—his life—his all, upon your revolution: who served you faithfully in field and cabinet, and who required no other recompense than the approbation of his own heart, and the esteem of his countrymen. It is the deli-

berate reasoning of a mind strengthened by study, and matured by experience. It is the overflowings of a heart that lingered in its parting moments—that hesitated to leave you, and in its last embraces mingled paternal counsel and tenderness together.

Though cold in his grave, his parting voice yet addresses you! Not with that martial eloquence which once animated you for battle; but with the tremulous fervour of age, the faltering accents of deep and unchangeable affection. It conjures you by every thing estimable—by every thing sacred—by your love for him—your regard for yourselves—your affection for your offspring—to cling inseparably to your union, "to cherish for it a cordial, habitual and immoveable attachment." As you revere his character—as you have entombed him in your hearts—I charge you take warning by his admonitions. Pursue firmly, and without deviation, the path he has pointed out; it is the only one fortified by national security—it is the only one that leads to national glory.

BROTHERS,

The patriotic feelings which the celebration of this anniversary has ever excited; should particularly animate our present festival.

In the lapse of a few weeks we have beheld this eastern part of the union aroused from a state of temporary delusion, rallying with renewed and increased confidence round the constituted authorities, and returning with renovated strength to its first, its only permanent attachment. The repinings of discontent, the murmurs of disaffection, the factious though obscure threats of disunion which had been craftily engendered by designing men, are now no longer heard. Like sum-

mer clouds, they overshadowed us for a moment, and then passed away, lost in the bright, the glorious sunshine that has succeeded.

Republicanism flows from New-Hampshire to Georgia, in one broad deep and irresistible stream. Vain are all attempts to destroy its strength, divert its course, or arrest the progress of its current. Stay but its tide for an instant, and it collects its countless waves, and bears down the feeble barriers that oppose its progress. As well might you attempt to restrain Ontario at his outlet, or check Niagara in his thundering torrent.

BROTHERS,

It is your pride and honour, that in every national vicissitude you have been unwavering in your adherence to our republican institutions. You have preserved the pure flame of liberty like a sacred fire within your walls. Persevere in this exalted conduct—watch, incessantly watch, with a patriotism that never droops—with a vigilance that never slumbers over the welfare of your country. Let the bands of brotherly affection ever entwine your hearts, and keep bright and unimpaired your chain of union.

In the present address you have the warm feelings and sentiments of my heart. May the advice of youth be matured by your more weighty judgment; and while life shall be spared you, may each returning anniversary find you in your rights, your fortunes, and domestic comforts, living testimonials of the prosperity and the freedom of your country.

For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.

A DIALOGUE ON LETTER-WRITING, AND
TRIFLING AWAY TIME.

MR. V— Well, Miss Ardent, you are always busy, always in too

great a hurry to speak to me; but as you are good tempered, I am not afraid to ask you what you are now going to do, as I am sure you will tell me.

Miss Ardent. Certainly I will tell you what I intend to do; but indeed I have not quite made up my mind—I am thinking of writing to Miss Flimsy.

Mr. V— Have you any business with her?

Miss Ardent. Business, sir! what upon earth has either she or I to do with business, and even if I had any commission to town, Miss Flimsy is the last person I should ask, for she is so forgetful and helpless that I should be disappointed.

Mr. V— Have you a great affection for her, or any news to tell her?

Miss Ardent. I like her well enough, but I have not one word of news to tell her.

Mr. V. I cannot imagine what you can have to write about, if you have neither business, expressions of affection, or news to communicate.

Miss Ardent. Did you ever hear of sentimental letters?

Mr. V— I have heard of them, but I think there is too little similarity in the characters of you and Miss Flimsy to induce you to sharpen your faculties against hers, or to unlock the secret springs of your heart for her to explore.

Miss Ardent. Indeed sir I have no great satisfaction in opening my mind to her, but you know we must make some use of our energies, and find some déposité for our overflowing thoughts, and I happen to have no other friend who expresses the same pleasure at receiving my letters as Miss Flimsy does.

Mr. V— I suppose she flatters you; confess to me is not this the